

MAKERS OF THE ARYA SAMAJ

BOOK III



MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
LONDON • BOMBAY • CALCUTTA • MADRAS
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
DALLAS • ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO

MAKERS OF THE ARYA SAMAJ

BOOK III

SWAMI DAYANAND SARASWATI
FOUNDER OF THE ARYA SAMAJ

BY
DIWAN CHAND SHARMA

AUTHOR OF
“HINDU HEROES AND HEROINES”

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1935

COPYRIGHT

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN

DEDICATED TO
MAHATMA HANS RAJ
IN AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE

I HAVE written these books to make people familiar with the lives and works of some of the most outstanding personalities connected with the Arya Samaj. In order to make their appeal as wide as possible I have written them in rather simple language. I trust these books will be read by everybody who is interested in the achievements of the great. They will, I am sure, afford a particular delight to the young for they will inspire them to live nobly and unselfishly. It need not be added that every attempt has been made to make these books as free from the sectarian spirit as possible.

My thanks are due to L. Mool Raj, B.A., B.T., a devout Arya Samajist, for reading through these books. I am also obliged to Mr. Sant Lal Vid-yarthi, B.A., for going through the lives of Pt. Guru Dutt, Pt. Lekh Ram and Swami Shrad-dhanand.

D. C. S.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INDIA OF THE PAST	I
MOOL SHANKAR	6
THE NIGHT OF SHIVRATI	9
DEATH	14
MARRIAGE	17
THE ESCAPE FROM HOME	21
THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH	25
AT MUTTRA	34
AT HARDWAR	44
TOUR IN THE U.P.	49
IN CALCUTTA AND BOMBAY	54
IN THE PUNJAB AND THE U.P.	58
IN RAJPUTANA	64
THE MAN	72
THE TEACHINGS OF SWAMI DAYANAND	97
SOME GOLDEN SAYINGS OF SWAMI DAYANAND	102

SWAMI DAYANAND

INDIA OF THE PAST

WE all know something of the India of to-day, but many do not know much about its condition a hundred years ago. At that time many Indians could not read nor write. They were ignorant and followed many bad customs. These did them harm. They were, therefore, unfortunate in many ways.

The Hindus at that time were in a really bad condition. They did not worship one God, but idols of stone. Many of them believed that there were thirty-three crores of them. They thought these could do everything for them. If they wanted a son, they prayed to these idols. If they wanted success of any kind, they made offerings to them. They did not know anything about the one, true God.

They did not know much about their holy books. They believed that anything written in Sanskrit was sacred. They often read books in

Sanskrit which were not really good. Only a few of them read the Gita which was written by Lord Krishna; some read the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, the two great epics of India; but very few of them knew anything about the four Vedas, the sacred books of the Hindus.

Still the Hindus wished to be pious and to lead a good life. To show this they went to their holy places, such as Hardwar. Now it should be remembered that it was not as easy to travel about at that time as it is to-day. There were practically no railways then, nor were there any good roads. It was, therefore, very difficult for people to move from one place to another. It was still more difficult for them to go on a long journey to a place like Hardwar, Benares, Allahabad or Muttra.

In spite of all this the Hindus went on pilgrimages to these places. But they did many silly things there. For instance, they gave away everything they had to the priests. They did so in the hope that they would get back their goods in the heavens or in their next birth. But the priests did not deserve their confidence. They were mostly greedy and selfish. Their sole aim in life was to make money and to grow rich.

Some people went so far as to dedicate their daughters to temples. These lived there all their lives and never married. They spent most of their time in dancing and singing before the god. They did so because they thought it would bring them merit in their religious life.

Hindu women were more ignorant than men in these matters. If a woman had no child, she offered prayers to her gods to bless her with one. Sometimes she said, "If I have a child I will dedicate it to the god." In this way many children were offered to the goddess Ganga. This was done in a very strange way. First of all, the child was taken by its parents to Hardwar. Then, standing on one of the steps of the ghat, the father or the mother threw the child into the stream. But luckily it was picked up by some priest who was already standing in the water. He then gave the child back to the parents in return for a little money. Thus the child's life was saved. But it did not always happen like this. Sometimes the child met with death.

The Hindus were still worse in other things. They did not treat their women well. They thought they should not be sent to school. They believed that if women learnt to read and write

they would come to grief. So they remained illiterate.

The Hindus were cruel to women in other ways, too. They thought them to be inferior to men. When a boy was born they felt happy, but when a girl was born they felt sad. They thought that a boy brought luck. He would earn money when he grew up, but a girl was useless. She always meant expense and was a source of much trouble. In this way they were very cruel to widows. A Hindu widow's life was very miserable. She was held responsible for all the misfortunes of the family. She was treated worse than a servant. Generally she was not allowed to marry again, and sometimes she was forced to burn herself to death with her husband.

The Hindus practised several other bad customs as well. They married their children early. Sometimes these marriages were held when the children were hardly able to walk or to talk. The result of this was that the Hindus grew weaker and weaker.

They did not even know how to celebrate their national festivals. On the Dewali night they thought it good to gamble. But during the holy festival they drank and swore loud. If

a friend happened to meet them at that time they threw mud at him. This was thought to be a sign of friendship and a kind of merry-making.

The women were not the only ones who were ill-treated. The so-called “untouchables” were treated in a similar way. The Hindus thought it a sin to touch them or to go near them. They did not let them draw water from their wells. They did not like them to read or write. They forbade them the study of their holy books. On account of these things the untouchables felt very unhappy. As a result many of them embraced other religions.

Such was the condition of the Hindus about a hundred years ago. It caused much unnecessary suffering. But soon after a reformer was born, who did much good to them. We shall now learn something about him.

MOOL SHANKAR

To the west of India is the province of Gujarat. This contains many Indian States. One of them is known by the name of Dhrangadra. In it is a small town named Morvi. This is situated on the bank of the river Machhukahta.

In this town a boy named Mool Shankar was born in 1825. This boy afterwards came to be known as Swami Dayanand. Nobody suspected that one day he would become famous. Nor did any one think that he would do so much to improve the conditions of the Hindus in India.

Mool Shankar's father was named Umba Shankar. He was a Brahmin of a very high caste, but he was not poor as the Brahmins generally are. He had lands which brought him money, and sometimes he traded. He was also a State official. He used to collect revenue from the people of his town. To help him in his work he had under him clerks and sepoys.

But he was a very strict Brahmin. He was very careful in performing those duties which were

required of him as a Brahmin. He went to the temple every morning and evening. He was a worshipper of Shiva. For all these things he was respected and trusted by the people of his town.

His life was happy. He had a loving and devoted wife. She was very sweet and gentle. She loved her children as her own life. Whenever her husband was inclined to be harsh with the children, she did all she could to appease him.

Mool Shankar was hardly five years old when his father took charge of his education. He did not send him to school, but taught him at home. He was first taught the Sanskrit alphabet. Then he studied some holy Sanskrit books. Soon he learnt many *mantras* (holy verses) by heart. After a time he was taught the different forms of worship in which his father believed. When he was eight years old he was invested with the sacred thread. This was a day of great rejoicing. His father and mother felt very proud and happy on that day.

As Mool Shankar's father was a devoted follower of the god Shiva, he was anxious for his son to follow in his footsteps. So he taught him many things about the god. All these had a great effect on the boy. Even at the age of ten he

thought it the best thing in the world to worship Shiva. For this purpose he often went with his father to the temple. There he offered his heart to the god.

But his father was not yet satisfied. He wanted his son to observe a fast on every Shivratri day. That day was sacred to the god Shiva, and Mool Shankar's father considered it to be very important. He himself fasted on that day. He even asked his wife to do the same. But he felt most happy when he succeeded in making his son do the same.

In vain did the poor mother say that it was not good for a young boy to fast. The father would not listen to her. "This is just the time," he said, "when Mool Shankar should learn to keep fast. The God who protects the whole universe from harm, will surely guard Mool Shankar against all evil. He will be pleased with this young devotee of his and grant all his wishes." Mool Shankar's mother listened to all this and, finally, agreed to what her husband said.

THE NIGHT OF SHIVRATRI

It was the night of Shivratri. The temple outside the village looked beautiful and bright. It was full of life, for many people passed in and out. There was also a good deal of noise and confusion. This was the result of the efforts of the devotees to chant the *mantras* at the top of their voices. Sometimes they rang the bell, sometimes they sounded the conch. The priest beamed with joy. Before the image of the god lay offerings in the shape of flowers and fruit, sweets and coins.

The day ended for the devotees without any trouble. But when night came they felt weak, tired and hungry. They were, however, supposed not to eat or sleep. But some of them found it very difficult and fell asleep in spite of their best efforts.

At last it was midnight. Everything was so calm and quiet in the temple that it seemed to be without life. All except one in it had gone to sleep. This was Mool Shankar. It was not

because he did not need to sleep. He felt its need more than anybody else, but he kept awake by the power of his will. He knew that by doing so he would please the god. He therefore thought of nothing but the god. He tried to realize how powerful and great he was.

Just then a strange thing happened. A small mouse crept out of its hole and began to roam about near the idol. This made Mool Shankar very angry, but still he kept quiet. Some time afterwards he found that the mouse had become a little more bold. It helped itself to the offerings that lay before the image. Mool Shankar remained quiet, and to his dismay, he found that the mouse was taking liberties with the image itself. This was too much for him and he felt very indignant. But soon his indignation melted away. He then fell to thinking about the incident very seriously.

“Is this the great god who protects the whole world?” he asked himself. “How can this be, for he cannot protect himself against this sly, little mouse? I think all worship of this kind is useless. It cannot make a man happy. It cannot make him good.” After this he woke up his father and told him all about it. He asked him to



MOOL SHANKAR ON THE NIGHT OF SHIVRATRI

explain this to him. But the father was dull and sleepy, and could not.

At this Mool Shankar left the temple and ran home. There he met his mother and asked for food. She, kind woman, served him a hearty meal, which he ate with much pleasure. When his father came to know of it, he was annoyed. He even tried to punish him for it, but the mother persuaded him not to. She said that Mool Shankar was young and did not know what he had done. He would surely behave better in future.

In the eyes of Mool Shankar the incident had great importance. He became sad and thoughtful. He took no interest in play. Nor did he mix with his friends. He kept asking himself, "Who is the real Shiva? Where is he? How can I find him?" In his heart had been sown the seeds of a new knowledge of truth, called the Rishi Bodh. It means that on this day the seer acquired a new conception of truth.

After this Mool Shankar devoted much of his time to his studies. His parents liked this, and allowed him to work hard at his books. One result of this was that he was not very often asked to observe feasts or to worship in the temple.

This is exactly what he wanted, because in his heart he felt how useless these things were. He still kept on asking himself, “ Who is the real Shiva? How can I find him? ”

Mool Shankar had hardly been able to solve this problem before another presented itself to him.

DEATH

One night Mool Shankar and his father were away from home. They were at the house of a friend who had arranged a music party. While they were listening to hymns one of the servants arrived. He looked sad and uneasy, and so Mool Shankar went up to him and asked, "What is the matter? What has brought you here at this time of night?" The servant replied with tears in his eyes that Mool Shankar's sister was suffering from cholera.

This upset Mool Shankar. He spoke to his father, and both of them hurried home. There they found the girl in a very serious condition. A physician was already there, but he said that the case was hopeless. In spite of every effort she breathed her last in a few hours.

This death meant a great blow to the boy. He was very fond of his sister, and used to play with her. There was not much difference between their ages, for she was only fourteen and Mool Shankar was sixteen. Moreover, it was the

first time that Mool Shankar had learnt what death was. So he asked himself, "What is death? Can't we escape it? Why is it that all human beings should die? Is there anybody in this world who is not a prey to it? Can't we conquer it?" Such thoughts filled his mind at that time. While the other members of his family wept and beat their breasts, he remained quiet and silent. He did not shed even one tear. Many persons objected to his behaviour. They thought him to be cold and selfish. But they did not know the real boy. They did not understand that his mind was full of strange thoughts about the vanity of this world.

Not many years had passed when Mool Shankar's uncle fell ill. He was very good to Mool Shankar, and there was much love and trust between the two. When Mool Shankar learnt of his uncle's illness he felt very sad. But he never dreamt that his end was so near. However, he passed away after a few hours' illness. He, too, died of cholera, like Mool Shankar's sister.

This death was all the more painful to Mool Shankar because he had been at the death-bed of his uncle. He had watched him die. At his

death even Mool Shankar could not help crying. But these tears showed only a small part of the real sorrow that was in his heart.

The death of his uncle reminded him once more of the shortness of life. He again fell to thinking about the questions of life and death. "Why is it that death is so cruel?" he asked himself. "Why is it that everyone dies? How can we overcome the fear of death?" Such thoughts constantly filled his mind. He became disgusted with the pleasures of this world. He thought that the best thing would be to go to some forest and practise austerities there. This was the only way, he felt, in which he could free himself from the fear and pain of death.

His home now lost all its charm for him. He found no joy in the company of his friends. He lost interest even in play. He did not care much for his books either. The one thing that engaged his attention was the problem of life and death. He thought over it constantly and tried to find a solution. But his parents knew nothing about what was passing in his mind. His friends knew, and they all felt for him in his great trouble.

MARRIAGE

After some time his friends thought it proper to inform his father of his intentions. They told him that Mool Shankar was about to leave home. This made his parents very anxious. "What should we do," they asked themselves, "to prevent him from doing this? Can't we do anything to make him take a little more interest in life?"

They came to the conclusion that the only thing which would make him take some interest in life was marriage. "Marriage will surely banish all such thoughts from his mind," they said. With this end in view they made arrangements for his marriage, but Mool Shankar did not like this. He did not want to be fettered by marriage in any way. He therefore told his friends what he felt about it. They told his parents that Mool Shankar did not want to be married yet. They had, therefore, to postpone it.

But this did not mean the end of his troubles. His great desire was to leave home. But the more he thought about it, the more difficult it

seemed to him. At last he hit upon a plan. He asked his father to send him to Benares. "I could learn astronomy, grammar and medicine there," he said. But his parents did not want him to go to Benares. Mool Shankar did not press this point very much. But when his father asked him to look after their lands, he refused. He said that this kind of work did not interest him.

Months passed away, yet Mool Shankar's desire to leave home did not abate. He still found it difficult to get his parents' permission. After thinking over it for some time he made another proposal to them. A few miles away from his home lived a learned Brahmin. Pupils from all parts came to study with him. Mool Shankar expressed a desire to his father to go and read with him. The father readily consented, so the young man set off.

The teacher liked the new pupil. He was so intelligent and bright, so strong and fearless. The teacher and the pupil had many talks together in which they discussed various subjects. It was during one of these talks that Mool Shankar expressed his strong dislike of marriage. "I would rather die than marry," he said. "How

can anyone who wants to acquire knowledge think of marriage? ”

The teacher knew the joys of a happy home and the pride of rearing up a family. Moreover, Mool Shankar's father was his great friend. He knew how keen he was on getting his son married and on continuing the family. So, as soon as he heard the views of his pupil he felt very perturbed. He then took the earliest possible opportunity to communicate these things to his pupil's father. “Your son,” he wrote, “does not want to marry. He thinks it better to run away from home than to be chained in this way. So keep an eye on him and do not let him do anything rash which will disgrace the family.”

As soon as Mool Shankar's father heard, he took his son away from the school. He then kept him at home. In the meantime he made preparations for his son's marriage. The son watched all these without making any protest, but all the time he went on making his own plans secretly. What could he do otherwise? Here was a young man who wanted to devote his life to acquiring knowledge, but his parents would not let him do so. He did not want to be fettered by marriage, but his father insisted on getting him married.

He wanted to live for God, but his people chose to tie him down to worldly things.

At last a day was fixed when the marriage was to be celebrated. For Mool Shankar this was a day of trial. He said to himself, "Now or never." So he at once made up his mind to leave home. He did so without telling anybody. You can well imagine how disappointed the father felt when he discovered his son had gone.

THE ESCAPE FROM HOME

When Mool Shankar left home he was afraid lest he should be followed and be caught. So he did not go along the main road but chose the bypaths. All this was something new for him, but he did not lose heart. On the way he had many strange experiences. Once he came across a group of fakirs. They all seemed to be holy men and he naturally took very kindly to them. He confided in them. But they were good-for-nothing people from whom he should have expected no help. They robbed him of his gold ring and all the little money he had. "How can you renounce the world," they said, "as long as you possess these things? To give them up is the first step towards self-knowledge."

After many days' journey Mool Shankar came to another small place. There he met a Brahmchari. This was a man who had taken a vow of celibacy and was never going to marry. As soon as he saw Mool Shankar he began to take an interest in him. Soon he made him also

take the vow that he had himself taken. Thus Mool Shankar became a Brahmchari. He cast off his ordinary clothes and put on a yellow shirt and a *dhoti*. In his hands he carried a long stick and a wooden bowl for alms. He was then called Shudh Chetan Brahmchari.

After a few days Shudh Chetan left this place. Soon he came upon some *sadhus*. He learnt that a big fair was to be held at Sidpur. This fair, he was told, would be attended by many noble sadhus and sanyasies. He thought this would be a big chance in his life. Perhaps he would meet there some noble persons who would show him the right path to truth and virtue.

So he turned his steps towards Sidpur. But before he reached that place he met a sadhu who knew him and the members of his family. This, he at once thought, would mean trouble for him. And it happened exactly as he had thought it would. The sadhu on reaching Mool Shankar's native place told his father all about his son's movements, and asked him to bring him back.

Mool Shankar's father set out immediately for Sidpur accompanied by four sepoys. On reaching that place he went to the very temple where his

son was staying. As soon as he saw him in the garb of a beggar, he felt very upset. His face flushed crimson with anger and he flew into a temper. Then he took his son to task for what he had done. "You have brought disgrace upon your family," he said. "You are a blot on our name." He broke his son's bowl into pieces, and tore his clothes into tatters. Then he gave him new clothes to wear. After this he took him to the place where he himself was staying. He told the sepoy to keep a strict watch on him. "Be careful," he said "lest the boy should run away again."

Thus Shudh Chetan was caught again. But he was not one of those people who easily change their minds. He was determined to find the way to truth and to acquire real peace and happiness. He was equally determined not to go back home. So he continued to think out some plans for his escape.

He soon left Sidpur in the company of his father and his sepoys. Since the journey was long, it took several days. But only a few days had passed when he got a chance to escape. One night the sepoy who was keeping watch over him went to sleep. As soon as Shudh Chetan saw

this he seized the opportunity to escape. He did not pause or look behind till he had gone about a mile. He came to a garden, in the middle of which stood a magnificent temple. In front of it was a big, spreading banyan tree. Shudh Chetan realized in a minute that the tree would be a good hiding-place. So he climbed to the top of it, and from there jumped down on to the dome of the temple. There he lay hidden.

After some time the sepoy woke up. To his surprise he found that the young man had fled. He at once woke the other sepoys and Shudh Chetan's father from their sleep. As soon as his father heard of it, he said, "There is no time to lose now. Let us search for him at once." So off they went. As chance would have it, they came to the very garden where Shudh Chetan was hiding. But though they searched every nook and corner of it, they could not find him anywhere. At last they left, very disappointed.

By now Shudh Chetan was hungry and thirsty and felt sleepy, but he remained in hiding till it was dark. Then he got down from the temple and left the place by following a narrow bypath.

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

This was a very important moment in his life. He was turning his back upon his home and everything, but he did not care about that. Nor was he moved by the affections of his mother and the love of his brothers and sisters. Landed property had no attraction for him. Nor had the wealth and comforts of this world any charm for him. He gave up all these, because he wanted to find the one, true God. This was now the goal of his life.

This did not seem a very easy thing to do, but Mool Shankar was not afraid of anything. Difficulties could not make him give up his task, nor could dangers frighten him. He was equally prepared for hardships and suffering. So he travelled on in search of his goal. If he was afraid of anything it was of being caught again. Otherwise, he went on his way, cheerfully enduring cold and hunger.

After some days he reached Baroda. There he learnt that a big fair would be held on the banks of the Narmada, where all the learned pundits

and scholars would be present. Always eager to acquire knowledge he went there. For a few days he stayed there, but without getting what he *wanted*. Then he went on to another place. There he met Swami Purnanand Parmhans from whom he learnt some useful things.

At this very time he was initiated into *sanyas* by Swami Purananand Saraswati. Then he came to be known as Swami Dayanand Saraswati. This new life of his had certain privileges. For instance, as a Brahmchari he had to cook his meals with his own hands and this meant much waste of time. But as a sanyasi he could beg for his food from others. The time saved in this way he could devote to his studies.

Swami Dayanand was always very eager to learn. Wherever he went he made the best use of his time. Most persons he came across added something to his store of knowledge and wisdom. He learnt yoga from one and grammar from another. He was very much interested in yoga or the science of holding one's breath, because it gives one perfect control over one's body and mind.

During all these journeys Swami Dayanand had only one object in view. It was to find a guru



SWAMI DAYANAND SARASWATI

who could teach him how to overcome death and to find God. But he knew this was not an easy thing to do. Still he persevered. Knowing that in the places sacred to the Hindus lived some holy persons he went there. Yet nowhere could he find a saint or a holy man. Thus he visited holy places like Hardwar, Rishi Kesh, Rudra Paryag, and Gupt Kanshi. But nowhere did he come across a single person who could settle his doubts. However, he did not lose heart, and still went on.

At last he set his face towards the Himalayas. Their snow-clad peaks had a great deal of attraction for him and he wanted to see them. After many days' journeying, he came to Ukhi Math. It seemed to him like an oasis in the desert. "Here," he said to himself, "I will rest my tired limbs." So he stayed there for a few days.

The Mahant, or the head-priest, of the math came to know him and felt very interested in him. The young man was tall and stout, handsome and well-built. He seemed to be learned and to possess a lot of common sense. So the Mahant said to himself, "I am now old and will not live very long. Who will look after this math after me? Why should I not ask this young man to

become my disciple and stay here? Surely he will be able to manage this place after my death.”

So he sent for Swami Dayanand, and showed to him every possible kindness and regard. Then he said to him, “ Young man, why do you wander from one place to another? Why don’t you live here? If you do so, I will make you heir to this gaddi. In this way you will inherit property worth lacs of rupees.”

When Swami Dayanand heard this he laughed and said, “ You apparently do not know, sir, that I do not care for wealth. If it had been my desire to become rich, I should not have left my home. For there I should have inherited lands and much wealth. But I gave up all these things, for I have set my heart upon a different thing. That is why I am wandering from place to place.”

When the Mahant heard this he felt annoyed. “ What is this thing, young man, you are out to seek? ” he asked him. “ Let me know all about it. Surely it must be a big treasure, since you are taking so much trouble.”

“ I want to find the one, true God. I wish to know how to overcome the fear of death. It is for these things that I care most,” said Swami Dayanand.

After saying this Swami Dayanand left. Then he went to Badri Nath, a place of pilgrimage for the Hindus. He did not stay long at this place. He then wandered along the banks of the river Alakh Nanda, even though it was not an easy thing to do. It was terribly cold there, and also very dangerous. Beasts of prey prowled everywhere and nothing could be had to eat. At one place the cold was so severe that Swami Dayanand fell down senseless but his life was saved by some kind-hearted hill-men. These people took him to their cottage and looked after him till he became quite well again.

Swami Dayanand was an untiring wanderer. He loved to see new places and new men, and was at home everywhere. But the main purpose of his wanderings was to find a person who could show him the path to truth. As soon as he got well, he set out on his travels again. He went to Ram Pur where he met a sadhu named Ram Giri. He had long conversations with him, but even these did not satisfy him. So he left for Kashi Pur, but he did not stay there, and moved on to another place.

On his way to this place he fell a prey to doubts and melancholy. "What is the good of

life?" he asked himself. "Why is man born? Here am I doing nothing useful. I have suffered many hardships, but these have led to nothing. I have not yet got what I want. Why should failure and disappointment be my lot? It is better that I should now put an end to this miserable life of mine." But he felt that it was cowardly to die by one's own hands. "Man should face life's trials and disappointments manfully and not be frightened by them," he said to himself. "It is better to die in pursuit of one's object than to die in despair." So once more he steeled his determination to achieve his object. After this he visited many other places. He went to Muradabad and Sambhal and other cities.

But the Ganges had a great fascination for him. He loved to be near it, and to hear the murmur of its waters in his ears. It pleased him to see its clear pure waters and the trees growing on its banks. From these he got immense strength and comfort.

But he did not entirely waste his time in moving from one place to another. Whenever he got any leisure he devoted himself to the study of some book; and in this respect his interests were many. He even studied a book on physiology. It

contained an account of the human body, its limbs, muscles and arteries. To him it appeared as if the account was not based on truth. But he did not like to form his opinion till he had tested for himself whatever he had read.

After this Swami Dayanand visited Cawnpore and Allahabad, two famous cities in the United Provinces. Then he made up his mind to see the source of the river Narmada. He hoped he would be able to find some yogis there. For many months he wandered along the banks of this river, but nowhere did he come across a holy man. Still he did not give up hope.

These were the most difficult years in the life of Swami Dayanand. He had to bear cold and hunger and had to pass sleepless nights. Many a time he had no place of shelter, and very often his life was in danger. He had no companion during these travels, but was all alone. Still he endured all these hardships simply because he wanted to find a guru who would teach him true wisdom and right conduct. It may be asked, What is the good of a guru? But it should be understood that according to the Hindu Shastras nobody can perfect himself without sitting at the feet of a guru.

Swami Dayanand was now thirty-six years old, but he had acquired little of any value. He had travelled thousands of miles on foot and had seen many places, but he had not found anybody who could act as his true guide in life. This should not make us think that all these years had been altogether wasted. Swami Dayanand had hardened his body during these travels so that he could now stand cold and hunger as none else could. He had also acquired the capacity to suffer, to face disappointments and to put up with failures. He had also made use of his leisure in the study of books. Thus the good which these travels had done to his body, mind and soul, was immense.

AT MUTTRA

There is a well-known saying, “ Seek, and ye shall find.” And this proved true in the case of Swami Dayanand. He learnt from somebody that at Muttra, the famous home of Lord Krishna, lived a learned man. He was Swami Virjanand, a blind monk of eighty. He was well versed in Sanskrit grammar, and was known far and wide as an able student of the Vedas. Pupils came from all parts of India to read with him.

Swami Dayanand turned his footsteps that way. One morning he reached Muttra. There he enquired about the place where Swami Virjanand lived. In a short time he found himself in front of a small, low house. With trembling hands he knocked at its door. A voice asked from within, “ Who are you? ”

“ A sanyasi,” said Swami Dayanand.

“ What brings you here? ” asked the voice again.

“ I wish to study under your guidance,” said the Swami.

“ Have you read anything so far? ” asked the voice.

“ I have read a few books,” Swami Dayanand said.

“ What are they? ” Swami Virjanand asked.

“ I have studied Sanskrit grammar, astrology and the Puranas,” said Swami Dayanand.

“ Unlearn what you have learnt so far,” commanded Swami Virjanand. “ If you have any books with you throw them into the river. They will be of no use to you in future.”

When Swami Dayanand heard it he did not know what to do. The few books he had with him he prized dearly. He had got them after much toil and trouble, for it should be remembered that in those days when there were not many printing presses, books could not be had as easily as they can be now. Still he knew that it would not be wise to disobey his guru. He therefore flung them into the river. While doing so he felt as if he was losing something very dear to him.

Swami Dayanand then began to read with Swami Virjanand. But he could not apply himself whole-heartedly to his studies because of a few difficulties. In the first place, he had no satis-

factory arrangements for his food. For a few days he cooked his meals himself, but soon he found it difficult to do so. But a man named Amar Lal came to his rescue. The Swami has written about him in his autobiography, "I can never forget the kindness which this gentleman showed to me when I was a student. He made satisfactory arrangements for my books and food. Even when he had to dine out himself, he never forgot to cook a meal at home for me. Only after doing so would he go out. I have found very few men in this world who are as large-hearted as he was."

But this was not the only difficulty Swamiji had to face. He wanted to read at night, but this could not be done without oil and lamp. He found it difficult to get these. But even this difficulty was overcome when a kind-hearted person bought a lamp and oil for him.

Swami Virjanand liked his new pupil very much. He liked his love of hard work and his earnestness. He never found him slack or careless. All these things pleased him very much, but what pleased him most was his devotion. Swami Dayanand was always anxious to please his teacher, and was prepared to serve him in every way. For his

sake he was ready to do even the humblest and meanest of work.

We know that Swami Virjanand was blind. It was, therefore, not possible for him to move out of his house for his morning bath. Still he wanted to have it every morning at about 3 o'clock, for he was a very early riser. So Swami Dayanand used to bring water from the Jumna for him at that early hour of the morning. He fetched about twelve pitchers of water every day for the guru's bath. But this was not the only thing he did for him. He also swept the floor of his house.

One day, it is said, Swami Dayanand swept the rooms, but forgot to throw away the rubbish. It all lay in a heap in one corner of the house. Unfortunately Swami Virjanand happened to tread on it, while walking about the room. Now Swami Virjanand was one of those persons who are easily provoked to anger. And when once he was provoked, he often became brutal. As soon as he discovered his pupil's carelessness he took up a stick lying in a corner and began to beat Swami Dayanand with it mercilessly. He continued to belabour him with the stick, till it dropped from his smarting hands. But Swami

Dayanand put up with all this patiently. He did not utter a word of complaint or a cry of pain.

As soon as the guru ceased to beat him, Swami Dayanand began to press his hands. He then said in a most humble manner, "Most reverend guru, I hope this has not hurt your hands. My body has been hardened by years of penance, and I am sure you must have felt it very irksome to beat me. If I ever offend you again and you want to punish me, you should not do it yourself. Ask somebody else to do it for you and your hands will not smart so with the pain."

It is not known what Swami Virjanand said at that time, but he must have been touched by these words. It is said that Swami Dayanand bore the scars of this punishment to the last day of his life. He very often pointed to them with pride and said, "It was my capacity to bear pain like this that endeared me to my teacher."

Swami Dayanand lived at Muttra for about two years and a half. During this time he did his best to please his guru. He did so by his hard work, his capacity for service and his readiness

to obey his teacher at all times. But now the time came when he had to leave, for he had finished his studies. But before he did so, he had to present some offering to his guru. That is known as *Guru Dakhshina*, and is a very ancient custom.

It should be remembered that in days gone by there were no schools and colleges in India, as there are at present. Students read at pathshalas where they paid no fees. But as soon as a student completed his studies, he had to take some kind of offering to his guru. It was often a very paltry thing. It was valued not on account of its price, but because it was a token of the giver's sincere gratitude and loving devotion.

Swami Dayanand had no money. It was not possible for him to buy any expensive gift for his guru. So he purchased a few cloves with the little money he had saved on his food and other things. With these he went to Swami Virjanand. Needless to say he felt very sad that day.

He took the humble offerings and presented them to the guru. The guru was sad at losing this obedient and intelligent pupil. He said to



SWAMI DAYANAND OFFERING GURU DAKHSHINA TO SWAMI
VIRJANAND

him, "I bless you with all my heart and pray to God to grant you a long life. May you live to do good to your country and mankind." Encouraged by these words Swami Dayanand presented him the offering, but the guru refused. "I do not want them," said he. "They are of no use to me."

Swami Dayanand felt puzzled at this and said, "What can I do, sir, to please you? I wish I could have brought something else. But, as you know, I am too poor; I could not afford anything else. Still I am at your service. I will do anything you want."

"I do not want the gift you have brought," said Swami Virjanand, "but I want something else from you. It is something you already have and can part with very easily."

"I do not know what you mean, sir," said Swami Dayanand. "What else have I with me? Whatever I have is yours."

"If that is the case," said Swami Virjanand, "I want you to devote your life to the service of mankind. This is the *Guru Dakhshina* that I demand of you. The world knows nothing about the Vedas, which are a treasure-house of divine knowledge; you must go all over the country and preach

their message to the people. You know that India is full of darkness and ignorance; you must show its people the light of knowledge. The Hindus do not worship the one, true God, but innumerable gods and goddesses. Tell them how wrong it is. To-day Indians follow a large number of religions; you should persuade them to follow the religion preached in the Vedas. Try to abolish all evil customs and teach people the blessings of Brahmcharva or celibacy. The Aryans are in a very miserable plight. Go forth and reform them. This is the service I desire from you. You should realise that other gifts cannot please me in any way."

"I will gladly do as you wish, sir," said Swami Dayanand.

"But it is not as easy as you think," said Swami Virjanand. "If you want to do these things you must learn to live for others and not for yourself. You must be ready to face troubles and disappointments, sorrows and failures. You must promise me that you will never deviate from your path."

"It shall be as you wish," said Swami Dayanand. "I will dedicate my whole life to the service of mankind. Please give me your blessing so that I

may succeed in my mission. I cannot thank you enough for all that you have done for me. You have really made a man of me."

"God be with you," said Swami Virjanand. And so the guru and the pupil parted.

AT HARDWAR

Swami Dayanand was now thirty-nine years of age. By now his heart burnt with the desire to serve his country-men and to spread the message of the Vedas everywhere. To do so he visited such places as Agra, Jaipur and Ajmer. Wherever he went he delivered lectures and held debates, but they did not seem to produce much effect.

Two years passed away in this manner. Then Swami Dayanand learnt about a big fair that was to be held at Hardwar. It is known as the Kumbh Fair, and is held once in twelve years. "Here is an opportunity for me," said Swami Dayanand to himself. "I must go to Hardwar and expound my views. Such opportunities do not come very often, so I should not miss it." With this in view he went to Hardwar.

He saw many thousands of people there. All these thought that a mere bath in the Ganges was enough to carry them to heaven. Swami Dayanand felt great pity for them because of their misplaced piety and ignorance. He also saw many

sadhus there. They were of all sorts and professed different faiths. Some of them were known as Vairagis, that is people who had given up everything. Some were Udasis, people who were indifferent to everything in this world. Some were Nangas, that is, people who went about naked, showing that they did not wish to possess even so much as a piece of loin-cloth. Others were Nirmalas, or the people who had purged themselves of everything evil and impure. All these had given up the world.

They had all come there to attain salvation. They thought that the water of the Ganges was sacred and that a bath in it would rid a man of all his sins. So they quarrelled with one another as to who should have the privilege of entering the Ganges first. The Vairagis said, "We are the followers of Rama, and Rama is the greatest of all the gods; we will, therefore, go in first."

The Nangas said, "We will go in first, as we are the most self-sacrificing of all the sadhus. We do not even put on a piece of cloth." Thus there was a lot of wrangling among them.

So much for the sadhus. Men of the world were equally bad. They also quarrelled with one another for trying to have the privilege of bathing

first in the river. In this way many persons were drowned or met with some other kind of death, but they did not mind. On the other hand, they thought that a death of this kind was a direct road to heaven.

Swami Dayanand felt depressed at all this. Wherever he cast his eyes around, he saw ignorance and superstition. What was he to do under such circumstances? After thinking for a long time he pitched his camp on the road which leads from Hardwar to Rishi Kesh. There he unfurled his flag. It was a flag of revolt and was described as "The flag for the Demolition of Superstition and Fraud." This described Swami Dayanand's attitude correctly. He was out to destroy all the superstitions of the past. But his message was not merely negative and destructive; it was also positive and constructive.

"Why do you Indians waste your life in idol-worship?" he asked. "Worship the one, true God, who has created us all and looks after us all. You will not gain anything by worshipping your gods and goddesses. These things are against the injunctions of the Vedas. You should not imagine that a mere dip in the Ganges can take you to heaven. What determines a man's fate

is his actions. 'As you sow, so shall you reap.' If it were possible to attain salvation by a mere dip in the Ganges, the fish and the frogs that live in it would long ago have attained it. I exhort you not to be misled by these things. Follow the Vedic religion and you will be worthy of your forefathers."

Such words of truth stirred everybody. But though many went to hear Swami Dayanand, none cared to act up to his advice. This made him sad. He felt the truth and force of Swami Virjanand's remarks that the people of India were sunk in ignorance and had forgotten the real object of their life.

But Swami Dayanand was not one of those men who always blame others and not themselves. He felt that he was not yet equal to his great task. He must practise more austerities in order to fit himself better for the task. So he once again left Hardwar and went to the forests. But before he did so, he sent a sovereign, some muslin and a copy of his commentary on the Vedas to Swami Virjanand as a humble gift. For himself he put off all his clothes and gave up whatever else he had. Then he took a vow of silence, because instead of talking he wanted to think over the

great problems. He also wanted to learn to bear hunger and cold and have the fewest possible needs.

Swamiji underwent this penance for two years. Those days in his life were very hard. He wore no clothes on his body excepting a loin-cloth. He spent all his time on the snowy peaks of the hills or on the far-off banks of the Ganges. He had nothing but the roots and herbs of the forest to eat. He spent all his time usefully, meditating on God, and thinking about the problems that faced him. It was this self-discipline that stood him in great stead afterwards and gave him his great hold on the people.

Swami Dayanand had very strictly kept his vow of silence all this time, but one day he could not help breaking it. It happened like this. He was sitting all alone in a quiet spot when a man went up to him and said, "The Bhagwat Puran is far better than the Vedas." As soon as Swami Dayanand heard it, he felt it his duty to contradict him. So he broke his vow and began to discuss the matter with him.

TOUR IN THE U.P.

After this he set out on his travels and began to explain the nature of his mission. Wherever he went he said, "The water of the Ganges can make our body clean, but it cannot make our mind pure. God is everywhere and it is useless to worship idols. As a man sows, so does he reap. Man should, therefore, try to do good and noble deeds."

These noble words of Swami Dayanand were liked by some and were disliked by others. The Brahmins particularly took strong objection to them. One of them, Pandit Hara Ballabh of Karnwas, came forward and challenged Swami Dayanand to argue the matter out with him. The Swami was always glad to do this; and the discussion which was carried on in Sanskrit lasted for a week. But Swamiji won the day and the Pandit found that he could not prove his point. The discussion, however, led to a very interesting development. The Pandit had brought with him his idols and had boasted that he would make

Swami Dayanand bow before them. But at the end of the discussion he himself admitted the futility of idol-worship and threw all the idols into the river.

This action of the Pandit was very much criticised by everybody. It was particularly objected to by Rao Karan Singh, of that place. His eyes were red with anger as he went up to Swamiji and spoke insulting words to him.

But Swami Dayanand remained as calm as ever. This further added to the Rao's sense of injury at what had already been done. So he stormed and raged all the more. At this the Swami said, "I am a sanyasi and I do not want to fight anybody. If you want to fight, you will find in the Rajas of Jaipur and Jodhpur your match. You should go to them and not come to me for this purpose. One thing I can do for you, however, and that is to tell you something about religion. If that is what you want you can sit down and listen to me."

Rao Karan Singh's fury knew no bounds. He could hardly control himself. He drew his sword from its scabbard and made for the Swami. But Swami Dayanand was prepared for this. As soon as Karan Singh came forward, Swamiji snatched



SWAMI DAYANAND AND RAO KARAN SINGH

the sword away from his hands. Then he broke it into two pieces and said, "Please go home and do not think about it any more. I am a sanyasi and it is not my business to fight or to take revenge upon anybody. It is my duty only to endure and to forgive."

Then Karan Singh left the place apparently ashamed of himself. But he planned secretly some kind of revenge on Swami Dayanand. He got hold of some roughs, whom he bribed to murder Swami Dayanand. These desperadoes went to take Swami Dayanand's life, but they dared not. No sooner did they see him than their hearts failed. "How can we kill this man who is so holy and godly?" they said to one another. So they went back without doing him any harm.

After this Swami Dayanand visited many places, such as Farukhabad and Cawnpore. In the month of October, 1876, he went to Benares. There a very important debate was held between Swamiji on one side and the Brahmins on the other. It is said the opponents of Swamiji numbered several thousands and included, amongst others, the Maharaja of Benares. Swamiji put his case very well and convinced the Pandits. When they found their arguments were of no avail they

began to insult Swamiji. But he remained very cool and calm. The result was that many Brahmins, his opponents only a few minutes before, came to be convinced of the truth of his case. This was no mean achievement, for Benares is the stronghold of orthodoxy. Yet Swamiji succeeded in making an impression even there.

IN CALCUTTA AND BOMBAY

After a tour in the U.P. Swami Dayanand went to Bengal. In Calcutta he met two of the greatest Indians of the last century. Both of them were leaders of the Brahmo Samaj. One of these was Maharishi Davendra Nath Tagore, father of Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore, a religious reformer and mystic. The other was Babu Keshab Chandra Sen, another religious reformer. Maharishi Davendra Nath Tagore grew so fond of Swami Dayanand that he asked him, during his stay, to make a speech every day in the hall of his big house.

Keshab Chandra Sen also was struck with the ability and earnestness of Swamiji, and said to him one day, "I wish you knew English. In that case, I would have asked you to go to England. There you would have done much good to your cause by your fine speeches." But Swami Dayanand replied, "I do not know why you are so sorry that I do not know English. You may not know but I am full of regret that you do not know

Sanskrit. If you had known it, you would have done much valuable service to your country.” However, Swamiji accepted Keshab Chandra Sen’s suggestions in other respects. For instance, he did not put on any clothes except a piece of loin-cloth. But Keshab Chandra Sen insisted that he should wear a few more clothes, because he had to tour all over India. Swamiji agreed with this suggestion and did as he was requested.

It was one of the most beautiful traits in Swami Dayanand’s character that he accepted without hesitation whatever good he found in others. But he never listened to anything that was untrue or unworthy.

After touring in Bengal, Swami Dayanand went to Bombay. There he founded the first Arya Samaj. He received an invitation from the people of Poona to visit that city and he accepted it. There he met one of the most able Indians of that time—Mr. Mahadev Gobind Ranade. Mr. Ranade became one of his great admirers and made arrangements that Swamiji should be taken through the city in procession. When this was done he himself looked after every detail of the arrangement. Swami Dayanand was made

to ride on a big white elephant through the streets of the town. But his foes did not regard this with much favour. So they blackened one man's face and made him ride on an ass. They took this man through the city and said, "This is Swami Dayanand." Somebody conveyed this news to Swami Dayanand, but he did not feel hurt by it. He only said, "These people are ignorant. The day is not far off when they will know what is truth."

In 1877 Lord Lytton, then Viceroy of India, held a durbar at Delhi. This was attended by Rajas and Maharajas and other prominent people from all over India. Swami Dayanand also went there, because he thought it a golden opportunity to spread his ideas. There he came in contact with the leaders of thought from all over India. Keshab Chandra Sen he already knew; but he also met there Babu Nabin Chandra Rai, Babu Harish Chandra Chintamani and L. Kanhya Lal Alakh-dari. All these men came to have a great regard for him and listened to him with respect. He often sent for them at his place of residence and told them of the beauties of the Vedic religion. He asked every one of them to work for the common good of India.

After this there was held a fair at Chandpur. Learned Hindus, Mohammadans and Christians came to this fair. Many discussions, in which every one explained the good points of his religion, were held. Swami Dayanand tried to show how the Vedic Dharma was the most satisfying of all religions. But this was challenged by some Mohammadan and Christian scholars. So he held discussions with all of them on this point and convinced them of its truth.

So great was Swami Dayanand's reputation at that time that people from outside India also came to see him. Two such persons were Col. Olcott and Madam Blavatsky, the two founders of the Theosophical Society. Both of them had feelings of deep respect for Swami Dayanand. They even called him Guru Deva, by which name one's religious preceptor is usually addressed. Swami Dayanand liked them very much, but after a time he learnt that these people had faith in things he could not accept. So he disowned them.

IN THE PUNJAB AND THE U.P.

Swami Dayanand then paid a visit to the Punjab. He visited every important town in this province and delivered lectures there. People flocked to his lectures. Wherever he went he produced a very good impression. After some time he established an Arya Samaj at Lahore. Many educated persons joined the Arya Samaj and became its great supporters.

Though Swami Dayanand was treated by most people with respect there were some who tried to rob him of his good name. At Amritsar, during one of his lectures, some people tried to create a disturbance. They even abused him loudly. A few went so far as to throw stones and brickbats at him. But Swami Dayanand did not mind these insults. He only said, "Those who throw stones at me to-day will one day shower flowers on me. If I am abused now by some I do not mind, because I know these very people will hold me in high esteem some day."

Swami Dayanand was not afraid of anything. He never hesitated to speak the truth. He was, above all, a great lover of the Vedic religion and tried to defend it at all costs. At Amritsar, it is said, the Commissioner, who was a Christian, met him and began to speak ill of the Vedic religion. He said that it was as frail as a piece of cotton. But Swamiji then replied, "This is not so. It is as strong as an anchor of steel."

Swami Dayanand visited many places in the Punjab such as Gurdaspur, Jullundur, Ferozepur, Rawalpindi, Jhelum, Gujrat, Gujranwala, Multan and Wazirabad. At Jullundur a very interesting thing happened. S. Bikram Singh was a rich and respectable citizen of that place. He often came to listen to Swami Dayanand's discourses. One of these discourses was on Brahmcharya, in which Swami Dayanand dwelt on its advantages. In it he said, "Brahmcharya works wonders. It prolongs a man's life. It fortifies one's character. It enables a man to hold fast to his convictions even at the cost of his life." After listening to all this the Sardar said, "How can you prove all this?" Swami Dayanand said, "One of these days you will see for yourself."

The Sardar was in the habit of driving in his coach every evening. Swami Dayanand knew this and followed him quietly one evening. The Sardar had not gone very far, when he found that the horses refused to move any further. The coachman did his very best, but the coach did not move. The horses exerted themselves, but it was of no avail. This went on for some time till the Sardar lost all patience. It seemed to him as if somebody was holding the coach back from behind. When the Sardar looked behind he found that Swami Dayanand was there, holding the back wheel with nothing but his naked hands. When the Sardar saw this, his surprise knew no bounds. At once he realized what a fine proof Swami Dayanand had given of the power of Brahmcharya.

Swami Dayanand went to Wazirabad, where he delivered many lectures. One day while he was making a speech some evil-minded person flung a stone at him. This struck his forehead and hurt him very badly. Blood began to flow, but he quietly wiped it off with a piece of cloth and went on with his speech. This self-possession of Swami Dayanand impressed people very much and they all admired him for it. It was no wonder that



SWAMI DAYANAND AND THE CARRIAGE

afterwards the Punjab became the biggest centre of Swami Dayanand's work.

The United Provinces of Agra and Oudh had a great attraction for Swami Dayanand. The people of that province were his great admirers and loved to have him in their midst. So they sent many invitations to him to come there. In the end, he obliged them by visiting their province. First he went to Roorkee where his lectures were attended not only by Indians but also by Europeans, including the Commander-in-Chief. Then he visited Aligarh, Ajmer, Meerut and other places. Wherever he went hundreds of people listened to his lectures.

In 1878 Swami Dayanand again went to Hardwar where the Kumbh fair was being held. But there was a great difference between the Swami Dayanand of that day and the one of an earlier day. Years before he had gone there without friends or followers, and his message was heard by few. But now Swami Dayanand was a well-known person. People now regarded him as a fearless advocate of truth, and a lover of the Vedas. He had a warm reception.

On his arrival he met an eighty-year-old sanyasi named Anand Ghan. He had a large number of

disciples with him and went to attend Swamiji's lecture. On hearing the lecture he felt drawn towards the Swami on account of his great learning and purity. So he became one of the Swami's disciples, and received the following } beautiful piece of advice. " God is everywhere. He is all-powerful and knows everything. We should worship Him only and no one else. Real peace of mind can be attained only when one follows the Vedic religion."

So great was the reputation of Swami Dayanand as a speaker and saint that he was in demand everywhere. He was, therefore, asked to visit Dehradun, Saharnpur, Meerut, Muradabad, Bareilly, Ferozshabad, Patna and Mirzapur. He even went to Benares once again. While he was there he had another discussion with the Pandits.

IN RAJPUTANA

Once Swami Dayanand went to Rajputana where he visited many Indian States. Everywhere he was well received and his lectures were heard by thousands of people. He delivered his message wherever he went, and became very successful with his results. The people realized the truth of what he said and promised to reform themselves and society.

But Swami Dayanand did not only spend his time in delivering speeches. He also wrote books in his leisure. Some of these books, such as the *Satyarath Prakash* and the *Sanskar Vidhi*, are read even to this day. But more important than these is his commentary on the Vedas. It is a thing of its own, and has been appreciated by scholars all over the world. It is this which gives Swami Dayanand his unique place amongst the great men of India.

Swami Dayanand had already done much for his country and its people. He had established

many Arya Samajes which had many thousands of members. But he was not yet satisfied. It was his dream that Arya Samajes should be established at every place in India. It was also his desire that the Vedas should be studied by everybody. He wanted no place to be without an Arya Samaj and no home to be without the Vedas.

It was to realize this dream that Swami Dayanand travelled everywhere. He was even invited by the Maharaja to go to Jodhpur. This Maharaja was not the first one to send him an invitation. Many other rulers of States had already listened to him and become his disciples. Still some people tried to dissuade him from going to Jodhpur. They said, "The people of Jodhpur are very orthodox and ignorant. They may not like your criticism of their religion, and may even do harm to you." But these words had no effect on Swami Dayanand. "I must do my duty at all costs," he said. "I do not care for what happens to me. I do not even care very much for my life. I would, indeed, feel very happy if I lost my life in the service of my country. I must go, therefore, and give the people my message."

So Swami Dayanand went to Jodhpur, where many people heard his speeches. The Maharaja, too, sent for him and listened to his words. This had a very good effect on him, and he began to reform his life. But he did not do so as quickly as Swami Dayanand wished. Nevertheless Swami Dayanand exercised a great influence for good on him and had access to him at all times.

One day Swami Dayanand paid an unexpected visit to the palace. To his surprise and disappointment he saw there something which was much against his wishes. He found the Maharaja in undesirable company. But as soon as the Maharaja found he was there, he sent the people away.

But Swami Dayanand could not forget this easily. It pained him to find that the Maharaja was not as good as he had expected. So he reproached him for his conduct in a very bold manner. He said, "Remember, O King, you are a man of great importance, but these persons are of low degree. A man of your position should not keep company with such persons." But he was not content with saying this much. On reaching his place of residence, he sent the Maharaja

a letter. He explained to him the duties of a king. "O King," he wrote, "it is your duty to set a good example to your subjects, for you should know that they will follow in your footsteps. If you plant rose-trees they will do the same, but if you plant thorns they will also do the same."

This had the desired effect on the Maharaja. He therefore dismissed these persons from his service, among them being a woman. But she was a very wicked woman and felt this insult keenly. She also knew who was responsible for it. She therefore sought the help of some wicked persons in order to teach Swami Dayanand a lesson. They advised her to poison him. For some days she did not know how to do it. At last she bribed Swami Dayanand's cook. She asked him to administer a very deadly poison.

The cook was a very wicked man. He readily consented to take Swami Dayanand's life. So one day he mixed finely-ground glass with the sugar for Swami Dayanand's cup of milk.

No sooner did Swami Dayanand take it than he began to feel very bad. To begin with, he had some pain in his stomach. Then he began to feel as if he were suffering from cholera. At



SWAMI DAYANAND AND THE COOK

last he found it difficult even to sit or stand. The pain became unbearable.

Very soon he learnt what the trouble was. So he sent for his cook, Jagan Nath. As soon as he came into Swami Dayanand's presence, he began to beg for mercy. At this some of the disciples of Swami Dayanand demanded that he should be handed over to the police without any delay.

But Swami Dayanand did not feel like doing that. He said to them, "I do not know what you mean. It is true I am suffering from much pain, but this is the result of my own actions. What is to happen must happen. Why should this man suffer? We should show mercy to him and he should be forgiven."

The cook was listening to all this with folded hands. Swami Dayanand then turned to him and said, "Get away from this place as soon as you can. If these people once find out what you have done, your life and limb will not be safe. As for me, I forgive you. Here is some money. This will enable you to live for some days in safety and comfort. It is really a pity you should have tried to take my life for the sake of a few rupees."

Swami Dayanand then handed him some money. With this he fled to a distant place in Nepal and thus saved his life. It is said that he came back to India after some years. He was then dressed as a fakir and was sincerely ashamed of his action. To Swami Dayanand he had nothing but feelings of gratitude. "He was a good and kind man," he said. "He returned good for evil. I took his life, but he saved mine."

For some days Swami Dayanand stayed at Jodhpur and was treated by eminent physicians. But in spite of the best medical aid he grew worse and worse. His followers and disciples were alarmed at his condition and took him to Mount Abu for a change. But even there his condition did not improve. He was then brought to Ajmer. There, after suffering from much agony, he breathed his last on the 30th of October, 1883. It was the night of Dewali when the Hindus had lighted thousands of tiny lamps. But, alas! this great light of culture and learning was extinguished that very night.

The last moments of Swami Dayanand's life were very impressive. Even though he was suffering from great pain he did not betray any signs of

it. His face retained its calm expression to the last, and on his lips played a peculiar smile. The last words that he uttered were words of faith and hope. He said, “ O God, Thy will be done! ”

THE MAN

Swami Dayanand was a Brahmchari, that is to say, he kept up his vow of celibacy throughout his life. He derived all his strength and courage from it. There is a story which proves this. Swami Dayanand was once staying at Mirzapur in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. One day he went out for a walk in the company of some people. He was walking along a narrow pathway, when he saw a very big bull running towards him. The bull seemed to be in a fury, for his eyes shot fire and his tail was in the air. No sooner did Swami Dayanand's companions see this than they ran for their lives. But Swami Dayanand was not afraid. He stood there, calm and firm. To the great surprise of everybody, the bull never made for Swami Dayanand, but went off in a different direction.

When all was over, one of his companions said to him, " Sir, you ran a great deal of risk in doing that. What would have happened if the bull had

tried to toss you with its horns.” Swami Dayanand smiled when he heard this and said in a tone of unconcern, “The bull would not have done any harm to me. I would have driven it away with the strength of my arms.” These were no idle words. They were quite true. Swami Dayanand possessed a great deal of strength and was very confident of it. This was due to his vow of celibacy. This was not an easy thing for him to do. But Swami Dayanand held nothing dearer in his life than this.

Swami Dayanand never used his strength for doing harm to others. He used it always for their good. His strength was equalled only by his mercy. None could be more kind and compassionate than he. It has already been shown how mercifully he treated his cook who had poisoned him. He did the same in the case of another man also.

This man was a very poor Brahmin of Anoop Shahr. When Swami Dayanand went there he delivered a number of lectures. Many of these were against some of the most cherished beliefs of the orthodox Brahmins, such as idol-worship. His lectures, therefore, produced much ill-will against him in their hearts. Some of them planned

to poison him and they chose this man to effect their purpose.

He went to Swami Dayanand and offered him his best regards. He even touched his feet and expressed to him his deep gratitude for what he had been doing for his people. Then, as a token of his sincerity and good-will, he gave him a betel-leaf. Swamiji took it and began to chew it without knowing that it contained poison. But very soon he realized, on account of its peculiar taste, that it contained poison. He at once spat it out. Afterwards he performed certain yogic exercises to get over its evil effects. He then became quite well again.

But the Brahmin was arrested and thrown into prison. This was done by an officer who was a great admirer of Swami Dayanand. He succeeded in arresting the criminal only after much trouble. He thought that by doing so he would win the favour of Swami Dayanand. But when he went to see him, Swami Dayanand was very cold towards him. He could not understand this and asked him the reason. Swami Dayanand said, "I can never forgive you for getting a poor Brahmin into trouble. You should not have thrown him into prison, but should have let him off.

Remember that I have come into this world to set people free and not to add to their miseries.”

But this was not the only time when Swami Dayanand forgave his enemies. Once he was in Bombay delivering lectures on the Vedic religion. In some of these he tried to expose the leaders of other creeds. One of these was Ballabhacharya, a religious leader. This was much resented by his followers. Some of them went so far as to make plans about effecting his death. They bribed his servant. They even gave him a letter in writing which said that if he succeeded in killing Swami Dayanand, he would receive a reward of one thousand rupees. To begin with, they gave him five rupees in cash and five seers of sweets.

Swami Dayanand somehow learnt of this. He at once sent for the servant and demanded from him the whole truth. The poor fellow began to tremble with fear. Then he fell at the feet of Swami Dayanand and told him the whole truth. He even gave him a copy of the agreement which had been drawn up. Swami Dayanand tore it into pieces and said, “Go away. I will not take any action against you. But remember it is a sin to

make an attempt on anybody's life. You should never be a party to a thing of this kind."

There is another incident which shows Swami Dayanand's generosity and spirit of forgiveness. Once Swami Dayanand was at Allahabad where he was held in very high respect by very eminent citizens. One of his great admirers was Sir Sunder Lal, who was a judge of the Allahabad High Court. He went to see Swami Dayanand one morning but found him saying his prayers. He waited until Swami Dayanand had finished his prayers. He then had a talk with Swami Dayanand. After some time Sir Sunder Lal wanted to go away, but Swami Dayanand asked him to stay. He said he would show him something interesting very soon.

Only a few minutes had passed, when a Brahmin came in. He seemed to be very pious and humble, and touched Swami Dayanand's feet as soon as he came. In his hands he had a basket of sweets which he offered to Swamiji. Swami Dayanand accepted this present with thanks. He then took a piece of sweet from the basket and asked the Brahmin to eat it, but he would not. Swami Dayanand pressed him again and again, but he still refused. Sir Sunder Lal then took a piece

from the basket and threw it to a dog. No sooner did the dog eat it, than it began to writhe with pain. In a short time it died.

Sir Sunder Lal and his friends realized that the man had wanted to poison Swami Dayanand. They thought it proper, therefore, that he should be handed over to the police. "He must be brought to justice," they said. But Swami Dayanand would not allow them to do so. He forbade them to take any such steps. He just sent the Brahmin away after giving him a few words of advice.

Swami Dayanand was a great lover of truth. Nothing on earth could tempt him to tell a lie. He was always prepared to speak the truth and say what he felt. None could stop him from this because he was not afraid of anybody.

Once when he was in Bareilly he delivered a very fine lecture. This was attended not only by Indians but also by Englishmen. They included officials and priests as well as the Commissioner of the division. During his lecture Swami Dayanand criticised Christianity, a thing which was not liked by the Christians present. The Commissioner was especially annoyed. He wanted to convey to Swami Dayanand that such criticism

was uncalled for, but he did not know how to do it.

Soon he found a way. He sent for L. Lakshmi Narain, the Official Treasurer, at whose bungalow Swami Dayanand was staying. He asked him to tell Swami Dayanand that he should not be so hard in his criticism of other religions. The gentleman promised to tell everything to the Swami. The very next day he went to see Swami Dayanand. On the way to the bungalow he kept repeating to himself what he wanted to say to Swamiji. But when he was face to face with him, he could not utter even a single word. But Swami Dayanand encouraged him to speak out his mind. It was then with great difficulty that he uttered a few words. Swami Dayanand, however, understood what he had meant to say.

Next day Swami Dayanand delivered another lecture at which the Commissioner was also present. During it Swami Dayanand said, "It is not an easy thing to speak the truth in this world. When I say something that I feel to be true, people get annoyed with me. One man comes and says that the Collector feels annoyed at my remarks. Another comes forward and says the Commissioner feels offended with me. A third man



SWAMI DAYANAND

comes to me and says that the Governor will prosecute me for what I have been saying. But I wish to say only one thing to these people. I will speak the truth, at all costs. I do not care who feels annoyed with it. I would do so even if an emperor were to feel offended with me. There is no greater sin than this, that a person should conceal from the world the truth as he sees it."

Swami Dayanand was once at Udaipur. There he was a guest of the Maharaja, who treated him with the utmost respect. One day in the course of a talk he said to Swami Dayanand, "Sir, in my State I have a big temple of Shiva. This has an estate of several lacs attached to it. If you care, I can appoint you its Mahant. But there is one condition; and it is this, that you will have to support idol-worship." As soon as Swami Dayanand heard it, he felt sorry for the king. "Alas! you misunderstand me," he said. "Do you think I care for wealth or power? For me none of these things has any charm. I will do and say what my God bids; and I think it is His command that I should speak against idol-worship. Am I, therefore, not justified in obeying Him rather than you?" On hearing this, the king kept

silent. He did not dare afterwards speak a word about it to him. He felt that day that Swami Dayanand loved truth greatly and would not sacrifice it for anything in the world.

Some people do not care for wealth but seek after fame. But Swami Dayanand did not care even for this. When the Arya Samaj was established at Lahore, its members requested him to permit them to call him their guru. But he did not approve of this. How could he when he did not crave for name or fame? He was, indeed, free from all selfishness and wished to work only for God. He said, "God is the guru of us all. What will you call Him if you call me your guru? Please remember that I am born to put an end to this kind of thing. How can I myself approve of it?"

There is another story which shows the same thing. There once lived a poet named Shyam Dass, who was a great admirer of Swami Dayanand. One day he said to him, "You have done much for human beings, for which the Hindus in particular are very grateful to you. I think, out of our gratitude to you, we should build some memorial to your name." To this Swami Dayanand replied, "I do not want anything of the

kind. I do not wish to be remembered. I would sooner be forgotten. After my death I should prefer that my ashes be scattered over some field to be used as manure."

Swami Dayanand had the greatest regard for womanhood. Once he was taking a walk near Chiltaur in the company of his friends and admirers. He had not gone very far when he saw a temple. In front of it he saw many children playing, a sight which always pleased him very much. It is said that on that occasion he folded his hands and bowed to them. A Brahmin who was observing all this felt very pleased at it. He had not gone very far when he said, "You try your best to discredit idol-worship but you cannot. I was so pleased to see that you bowed before the idol in that temple." As soon as Swami Dayanand heard it he laughed and said, "It is wonderful how you have misunderstood me." Then he pointed to a girl about five years old, who was playing with the children.

"Do you see that little girl?" he asked.

"Yes, I do," said the Brahmin.

"It is to her I bowed," said Swami Dayanand. "She represents motherhood, which has created us all. Don't you think she deserves our respect?"

“ Yes, that is so,” said the Brahmin, “ I am sorry that I misunderstood you.”

“ There is no question of misunderstanding,” said Swami Dayanand. “ We must all honour women. It is they who build up nations.”

Swami Dayanand was the kindest of persons. He was kind not only to men but also to beasts. Once he found a bullock-cart stuck in the mud on the road. The driver tried his utmost to urge the bullocks on, but they could not move forward. The driver whipped them again and again, but all in vain. The oxen tried their best and strained hard, but the cart did not move. When Swamiji saw this he felt much pity for them. He walked straight into the mud. First he unharnessed the oxen and then he himself dragged the cart out of the mud. In this way, he came to the rescue of the oxen.

Sometimes it is thought that Swami Dayanand was a great enemy of the Mohammadans and the Christians, but it is wrong to think like this. Swami Dayanand was a very good and noble person. He was liked equally by the Hindus, the Mohammadans and the Christians. It has already been pointed out that he had a large

number of Mohammadan admirers, a fact which shows that he taught even the Mohammadans to trust him. But he was trusted not only by ordinary Mohammadans. Great Mohammadans like Sir Syad Ahmed also had a great regard for him, and were always pleased to listen to him. Even when Swami Dayanand came to Lahore, he found lodgings in the bungalow of a Mohammadan. On his death many Mohammadans felt sorry. They even wrote articles expressing grief at his death. They all said, "It is really the misfortune of India that Swamiji has met with such an early death. If he had lived longer he would have done a lot of good to this country."

The same was the case with the Christians. As soon as Col. Olcott learnt about his death he called a meeting of condolence. At it he made a vigorous speech in praise of Swami Dayanand.

Swami Dayanand had a fine sense of humour. Many a time this proved helpful to him. He used to say that it does one good to laugh sometimes. But Swami Dayanand not only laughed himself, he also made others laugh. He said once, "One who can laugh is always good-natured, and cannot be capable of much evil. On the other hand, a man who seldom laughs is bound

to be an evil-minded person.” Here are some stories which show Swami Dayanand’s sense of humour.

One day a gentleman came to see Swami Dayanand, with the intention of insulting him. In order to do so he occupied a seat a little higher than that of Swami Dayanand. This was strongly objected to by many persons, but he did not listen to them. At this some people called him names and said, “ We will not permit you to sit there.” When Swami Dayanand heard of this, he calmed these people by saying, “ A man’s rank in life is not determined by the seat he occupies. Other things do that. Look at crows and sparrows that always sit on branches of trees which are much higher than the place where we sit. Surely the birds they are not better than we. In the same way, this gentleman is not better simply because he is occupying a higher seat in this room. If this were the case, crows and sparrows would be far better than we. For while we are always on the earth, they are to be found either perched on the branches of a tree or flying in the air.”

Once Swami Dayanand said that it was useless to besmear one’s forehead with sandal. There-

upon a Brahmin said that one could attain to salvation if one did so. He also thought it necessary to rub ashes upon the body. But Swami Dayanand asked, "How can this be possible? If this were so, the donkey would get the best place in heaven, for it is always wallowing in the dust." On hearing this the Pandit kept quiet.

At one place Swami Dayanand said that it was no use having a mark on one's forehead. But a Brahmin said that he who did not do so went to hell. Thereupon Swami Dayanand said, "You think you can go to heaven if you have a little black mark on your forehead. What will happen to you if you blacken your face entirely? No doubt you will go to the most beautiful spot in heaven."

When Swami Dayanand was at Lahore a gentleman asked him, "Does a stone contain God, or not? "

"Yes, it does," replied Swami Dayanand.

"If that is so," asked the Pandit, "what harm is there in worshipping it? "

Thereupon Swami Dayanand asked, "Does this bell contain God or not? "

"It does," said the Brahmin.

“ I wonder,” said Swami Dayanand, “ why you worship an idol, yet strike a bell with a piece of wood.”

The Brahmin did not know what to say.

One day Swami Dayanand was discussing idol-worship with a number of friends. One of them said, “ Idol-worship is essential, because it is a very old, time-honoured custom. Even the Government knows its value. It has not, therefore, tried to modify or do away with this old custom.” Thereupon Swamiji asked, “ Sin is as old as the world. Do you think we should never make an effort to do away with it? ”

Once some people were discussing the merits of a bath in the Ganges. One gentleman said, “ Even a single bath in the Ganges is enough to wash all sins away.”

“ If this were so,” said Swami Dayanand, “ fishes and crocodiles would indeed be the most blessed creatures, for all their sins would be forgiven.”

Upon this the gentleman said, “ It is a pity you do not take my statement seriously.”

Swami Dayanand said, “ I do take it seriously. You say one’s sins are forgiven if one takes a bath in the Ganges. But what happens to him who is

thinking and doing evil even while he is taking a bath there?" The gentleman did not know what to say about this matter.

After completing his education, Swami Dayanand went back to Muttra. There he held many discussions and delivered many discourses. Many learned Brahmins tried to get him into disgrace, but they failed. Therefore, they grew very jealous of him. "We do not compare favourably with this man in point of scholarship," said they. "He beats us also so far as character is concerned. He is superior to us in every respect. If he goes on like this, we shall be ruined. Something must be done to degrade him in the eyes of the people." They thought over this matter for a long time. Then they hit upon a plan. "Let us send some bad woman to his place," they said. "She will go there and cause a disturbance. We shall be near at hand, and as soon as the woman gives the signal we shall go and help her. Then we shall be able to tell the people that Swami Dayanand is not a man of good character." But, fortunately they did not succeed in their plans. Indeed, Swami defeated them in more ways than one, for he succeeded in converting the woman to a better life.

Swami Dayanand had the good of his country at heart. He wanted to make India better and happier. When he saw that his countrymen were in distress, he felt much pained. He spent days and nights thinking out how he could improve their condition.

He was, however, particularly in touch with the Hindus, and tried his best to improve their condition. This, he felt, could only be done if the Hindus were educated. So he asked people to start pathshalas and schools, gurukulas and colleges. While at Cawnpore he came to know two rich men. He asked them, "Why do you waste money on constructing temples? If you were to spend this money on opening schools, orphanages, and widows' homes, the country would profit immensely."

In the same way he met a very rich man at Farukhabad. He was about to construct a magnificent temple at a cost of thousands of rupees. "What good will it do to you or to your country?" asked Swami Dayanand. "It is no use building temples. They do not make anybody happy." These words of Swami Dayanand had a great effect. The rich man at once converted the temple into a pathshala. It was the passion of the Swami's

life to educate his countrymen. He himself tried to do much in this direction. For instance, he delivered lectures and held discourses for this purpose. He wrote many books and taught many students for the same reason. He spent all his life in educating people. It is no wonder that soon after his death the Arya Samaj founded a college in his memory. This is the Dayanand Anglo-Vedic College of Lahore, which was founded in 1886.

Swami Dayanand was very keen on social reform. In this respect he did untold good for his countrymen. It is true he was misunderstood in his own day, but now people admire him for his courage and foresight. They are now often heard to say, "But for him we should have remained ignorant and backward. It was the tenderness of his heart that was responsible for all this good work. He felt extremely pained to see the helpless condition of widows and orphans. Through him orphanages and widows' homes were established in many places."

Swami Dayanand knew that India was an agricultural country and required good bulls and cows. Bulls could be useful in ploughing the fields and cows could yield milk. But he

felt that the slaughter of cows was doing much harm. He therefore tried his best to put an end to it. For this purpose he got up a big memorial which was signed by Hindus, Mohammadans and Christians. All these people wanted the slaughter of cows to be forbidden by law.

Swami Dayanand was in favour of the abolition of untouchability. He wanted people to treat the so-called depressed classes well. It is said at one place a barber brought food for him and Swami Dayanand partook of it without any hesitation. At another place a low-caste Hindu came to hear his lecture. As soon as the people saw him, they tried to send him away. But when Swami Dayanand came to know of it he took them to task for their narrow-mindedness. "What right had you," he asked, "to send this man away? He has as much right to hear my lectures as any high-caste Hindu. As the air is meant for all, so are the Vedas. As the sun gives heat and light to everybody, so does Dharma work for the good of all. All are welcome to listen to my lectures on Dharma. They are open to all, the rich and the poor, the great and the small."

Swami Dayanand believed that the Vedic religion was meant for all. He wanted to bring even non-Hindus into its fold. He believed, therefore, in Shuddhi or the purification of the non-Hindus. One Malkana went to see Swami Dayanand and said, "I believe in the Vedic religion. I think it to be the best. Please let me know what I should do to become its follower." "Nothing is easier," said Swami Dayanand. "We will have to perform the purification ceremony and that will make you one of us. You must remember that our religion is meant for all and not only for a few."

In the same way a Mohammadan came to him one day and said, "I am impressed with what you say. I really believe what you say is true. Cannot I be one of you?" Swami Dayanand said that he was prepared to convert him to Hinduism, and did so. Once an Indian Christian came to hold a debate with Swami Dayanand. This gentleman had been a Christian for twelve years and was a very earnest preacher of his faith. But when he heard Swami Dayanand he began to think that the Vedic religion was the best of all. Swami Dayanand converted him also to his religion. Then he said, "The Vedic religion is

not meant only for the Hindus, but for everybody.”

Nowadays we hear much about the equality of man and woman. It was Swami Dayanand, however, who first spoke in favour of granting freedom to women in India. Before he came women were thought to be inferior to men. They were regarded even as Shudaras. So they were never given any education and were kept ignorant. But he protested against all this. “ Women should be treated well,” he said. “ They should receive as much education as men do. Has not Manu, the great law-giver, said that where women are honoured, there the gods themselves dwell? They should be made good mothers and good wives.”

Swami Dayanand was a great lover of Sanskrit, and for a long time he spoke and wrote only in this language. But he soon felt that he could not reach the hearts of the people by speaking that language. He therefore began to write and lecture in Hindi. If Hindi is now regarded as the *lingua franca* of India, much of the credit goes to Swami Dayanand. It was he who gave up his own mother-tongue for the sake of this language. He did so, because he thought that

India could become united only if it had one language.

Thus we find there is hardly any kind of public service in which Swami Dayanand did not feel interested. If to-day we find so many people devoted to the welfare of their country, it is because of the inspiration they got from Swami Dayanand. Swami Dayanand's message to public workers was this: "Do not be contented merely with talk, for no good ever comes of it. Nor try merely to pass resolutions, for they do not carry people very far. But always strive to put into practice what you feel to be true. Learn to suffer for your convictions whenever the need be."

Swami Dayanand did not depend merely on individual efforts to carry into effect what he had taught. But he established the Arya Samaj for this purpose. There are about two thousand Arya Samajes all over the world at present and the number of its members is about ten lakhs. It has more than one thousand missionaries, some of whom are paid while others are honorary workers. It runs about six colleges and many high schools, Anglo-Vernacular middle schools and primary schools. It has colleges where

the indigenous system of medicine is taught. But besides these it has industrial schools, and schools for teaching only Sanskrit and Theology.

The Gurukulas, which are residential schools imparting education through the medium of Hindi, are many. These are situated away from cities, and every student there has to take a vow of celibacy up to the age of twenty-five. They are not given many chances of visiting the cities. Besides these the Arya Samaj runs some schools, colleges and Gurukulas for girls.

But it is not only educational work that the Arya Samaj does. It also runs orphanages where little boys and girls are given education to fit them for some career in life. To relieve the sick it has established charitable dispensaries and hospitals, where thousands of suffering persons are treated with care. The number of widows' homes which it has started is quite large. There widows are taught to read and write and to learn some handicraft.

But what the Arya Samaj has done directly is nothing when compared with what it has inspired others to do. Its indirect influence is far greater than its direct influence. It is said that there is

hardly any noble work of public good in India at present which does not derive its influence from the Arya Samaj. To-day we find in India many agencies for public welfare. Most of these are the result of Swami Dayanand's efforts.

THE TEACHINGS OF SWAMI DAYANAND

Swami Dayanand believed in one God. He is the Creator of this universe, and the source of everything that exists. He has no peer and is All-powerful. He is neither born, nor does He die. He is eternal and knows everything. God alone should be worshipped.

Swami Dayanand raised his voice against idol-worship. He believed that it was against the injunctions of the Vedas. "We should honour and respect learned men, teachers, parents, elders and good persons, but we should worship none but God," he said. Idol-worship he believed to be very harmful. Not only had it degraded India spiritually but it had also separated one Hindu from another.

Swami Dayanand believed the Vedas to be revealed books. "To study them is the duty of everybody," he said. "It is not only men who are entitled to study them, but also women. Everyone, high and low, should think it his duty to read these sacred books."

The pursuit of truth was, according to Swami Dayanand, the highest duty of man. "We should always be prepared," he said, "to embrace the truth and to cast off falsehood. God only loves the man who seeks after truth. We should, however, seek the truth in an unbiased and unprejudiced way. He who is prejudiced can never attain to truth."

Swami Dayanand believed that nobody was born as Brahmin, Kshatriya, Vaishya or Shudra. At the time of their birth all are alike. A man becomes a Brahmin, a Kshatriya or a Shudra not by birth, but in accordance with his qualities, actions and dispositions. It is not birth that determines a man's caste but his actions. A person may be born of Brahmin parents, but he may become a Shudra if he acts like one.

Swami Dayanand preached the equality of mankind. He did not believe in any distinctions between the high and the low, the high-caste Hindus and the untouchables. "Love one another," he said, "and root out all thoughts of hate from your heart. Love is the highest religion. We can win over even our enemies by love. But love should not be confined only to

human beings; even animals should be loved. It is very cruel to inflict any kind of pain on them.”

Swami Dayanand did not want women to be thought inferior to men. He wanted them to be respected. He used to quote a couplet from *Manu* to this effect, “Where women are honoured, there the gods dwell.”

Swami Dayanand was against all kinds of superstition. He did not believe in the existence of ghosts and witches. If anybody came and told him about these things, he simply laughed at him. He was also in favour of the abolition of the *Sharadhas*. He did not believe that if the Brahmins were fed once a year it could be of any use to one's dead ancestors. “Serve your parents and elders and seniors when they are alive,” he said. “It is no use offering them any food after their death.”

Swami Dayanand believed in the law of Karma. “As you sow, so shall you reap,” he said. “If you sow thorns, you cannot expect to have roses. For everybody reaps the consequences of his actions. A person himself suffers for what he does, and not anybody else. At the same time one can attain salvation only through one's actions.

We can never get it through the help of any prophet or holy man.”

It was Swami Dayanand's firm belief that Brahmcharya is the greatest help to all progress. “It is Brahmcharya only that can make men of us,” he used to say. For this reason he advocated that no man before the age of twenty-five and no girl before sixteen should be permitted to marry. He also believed that at the time of marriage we should take into account the compatibility of the dispositions of the pair.

Swamiji believed that it was the duty of everyone to spread literacy and to combat ignorance. For this purpose education should not be confined only to boys, but girls also should be educated.

Swami Dayanand stood for the banishment of all forms of selfishness. He said, “We should not be content only with working for our own welfare, but we should also strive for the good of others. It is our duty not only to be happy ourselves, but to make others also happy. Every Arya Samajist should do his level best to work for the physical, intellectual and spiritual development of others. Widows, orphans and those in distress should specially receive his attention. We should try to help them in every possible way.”

Swami Dayanand believed in Ahinsa. This means that we should not inflict any injury on any living being. He believed it was the duty of every Indian to look after the cow and preserve it from all harm. There was a time during the yagyas when dumb animals were slaughtered, but Swami Dayanand said that it was not right to do so. A true yagya was one in which a man took a vow to control such passions as anger, avarice, lust and so on.

He believed that the soul is eternal and cannot be destroyed.

He impressed upon every human being to work for the good of the so-called untouchables. He thought it was quite legitimate for the non-Hindus to come into the fold of Hinduism.

It was Swami Dayanand's great desire that all Indians should speak the same language, cherish the same ideals and wear the same national dress.

SOME GOLDEN SAYINGS OF SWAMI DAYANAND

Swami Dayanand delivered many speeches and wrote many books. In all these he expressed many noble thoughts. Since it is not possible to give a summary of all that he said or wrote, we shall only give some of his noble sayings. On reading them everyone would find how true and noble they are. But they should not merely be read; they should also be acted upon.

1. God is one. He alone should be worshipped, and none else.
2. God always protects him who speaks the truth.
3. Always fear God. If you do so, you need not be afraid of anybody else.
4. The Vedas are books which are full of true knowledge. It is the duty of every good man to study them.
5. Knowledge is wealth that thieves cannot steal.

6. We should not think only of our own good, but we also should try to think of the welfare of others.
7. My body is perishable and can be cut into pieces, but I have yet to find that bold man who will destroy my soul. Under these circumstances, I am not prepared to sacrifice truth.
8. He alone is wise who knows how to distinguish the true from the false, and is always ready to accept what is true.
9. Some people regard their own weak points as strong points, and other people's strong points as weak points. This is something one cannot understand. It should be remembered that virtue remains virtue and vice vice under all circumstances.
10. A person is not good merely because he is the near relative of a rich man. He alone is good who does good things. Such a man deserves everybody's regard.
11. He who does not work hard, remains always poor. Wealth has always been the fruit of labour.

12. He who does evil things becomes evil-minded. This type of man is the greatest foe to his own prosperity.
13. If we drink wine, we invite disease.
14. People say to me, “ Do not speak the truth. The collector will be annoyed with you, and the deputy commissioner will be angry with you.” But even if I were tied to the mouth of a cannon I would speak the truth, only the truth and nothing but the truth.
15. Truth always conquers and falsehood is always defeated in the end.
16. We should follow in the footsteps of our parents unless they have not led a good life.
17. It is the duty of parents to educate their children. They should never get them married unless they are grown up.
18. I was not born to put people in fetters, but I live to free them from the fetters of ignorance.
19. He alone is great who is prepared to speak the truth at all times and at all places.

20. Do not injure anybody's feelings, otherwise you will come to grief.
21. I was born in India and have lived here all my life. Still I do not want to be in any way partial to its people. I describe as wrong what is wrong in them and as good what is good in them. In the same way, I try to be fair to foreigners. I praise their good points, but have no quarter for their weak points. If I had been a prejudiced person I would have tried to praise my own people at all costs, but such a thing is not worthy of man.
22. The cow is the best of all animals, because it yields milk. Her milk not only builds up our body but also improves our brain-power. Indians should, therefore, protect her against all harm. If cows are not preserved, I am sure India will come to grief.
23. Try to understand a thing as it is and describe it as it is. Never do a thing which is not approved by your conscience.
24. If you do not concede their rights to women, how can you have your own rights?

25. India will progress, but this can be only possible if people give up their selfishness.
26. All men are equal. Since you touch the young ones of cats and dogs without any hesitation, why is it that you regard the touch of a human child as degrading? Just think for yourself what he must think about you at that time. Remember it is the greatest sin to injure anybody's feelings. We should, therefore, do away with this curse of untouchability.
27. If a man seeks your help, give it to him ungrudgingly, even if he be your enemy.
28. It is easier to get into bad habits than to give them up.
29. Students should spend their time in studies, in taking exercise, in taking their meals and in sleep. They should have no other occupations than these.
30. Your mother is your greatest well-wisher in this world.
31. Never strike or offend a woman or a child, even though they may be your enemies.

32. He who ill-treats his wife only proves that he was not fit to be married.
33. A man whose character is not above reproach has no right to offer advice to other people.
34. You can never discover the truth if you are a prey to prejudices. If you want to know the truth give up all kinds of prejudice.
35. Never ill-treat women.
36. It is only a fool who is afraid of death.
37. One should never be ashamed of going to prison or of courting death in the cause of truth.
38. Lead a good life and never depend upon others for the satisfaction of your wants.
39. When a person falls on evil days, he cannot distinguish between what is good and what is bad. Whatever he does, he does ill.
40. Be always prompt in doing good. It does not matter if you are slow in the performance of what is bad.
41. There are many men in this world who cannot see their own weak points, but they find out the weak points of others very quickly. Such men are no good.

42. How can it be possible for a man not to suffer for his sins?
43. In silence lies the strength of the fool.
44. He who does not eat when he is hungry and eats when he is not, will fall a prey to many diseases, and will suffer all his life.
45. You alone have to suffer for what you do. You cannot do something evil while another suffers for it.
46. He is not a gentleman who always tries to beat his own drum.
47. As you are, so you think others to be.
48. The spirit of jealousy is the root of all evil.
49. It is a noble thing to lead a mis-guided man on to the right path.
50. We should try to win over even our enemies with love.
51. Always remember God, for without Him you can never succeed in the world.